

A

REVIEW

OF THE

STATE

OF THE

BRITISH NATION.

Saturday, December 16. 1710

THE Authors that have drawn up *in Order of Battle*, against this Paper, I fancy are of a kind with the Creatures, the *Blessed Apostle* Engag'd with at *Ephesus* — For 'tis certain, they were not *Lions* or *Dragons* — But strange Things in Human Shape — Such as *Examiners*, *Moderators*, *Rehearsers*, and the like — And how was he Treated by the Men of that Generation? *Babler* *Sorcerer*, *Deceiver*, and the like, was the best they could say to him — *But not a Word of Answer to his Argument*; Confounded with the Force of his Reasoning, they fell to *Rallery*, just as the like Kind do now; frequently rais'd the Mob upon him, as at

Jerusalem, at *Ephesus*, at *Athens*, and at other Places — When from the Stairs of the Castle in *Jerusalem* the Apostle spake to the Barag'd Multitude, they stamp'd, fum'd, shouted, and threw Dust into the Air for Madness — Not able to Contradict by Reasoning, the Force of his Words, they bound themselves by an Oath to Murder him — When he came among the Wise, Learned *Athenians*, they banter'd and Ridicul'd him, call'd him *Idiot*, and *Illiterate*, and their EXAMINERS fell upon him with this, *We will hear what this Babler says*,

I am not comparing the Review to the Apostle, they cannot take me there; but the Rabble

Rabbles of both Times may be compar'd without Offence, for there the Parallel will exactly hold——The Poor Author of this, has been Treated just like that Blessed Man, and *saving the difference, which I regard with all possible Reverence*, with the same kind of Justice; see the Story, *Acts* 21. v. 27. First, the Apostle having brought Men into the Temple, who he had Purify'd, tho' they knew it not, they fall upon him with the usual Violence of a Rabble, crying out, *A Whik, a Whig*——*He has polluted the Temple, he has polluted the Temple*, and were just a going to Murder him, when the Roman Governour rescu'd him——v. 32. All this was before they understood any Thing of the Matter; see the Text: *Some cryed on: shing, some another, among the Multitude*, v. 33. and he the Governour, could not know the certainty for the Tumult——Paul desir'd to speak to the People, and the first Question the Chief Captain, who so far join'd with the People, ask'd him, was to Reproach him with Ignorance, *like our Examiner in the Review*, v. 37. Thou speak to the People, Thou Ideot! thou Illiterate! *Examiner* N°. . . . *Canst thou speak Greek? Anglice*, Are you not an Illiterate Fellow? And again, *Art not thou that Egyptian*, and a Leader of Murderers?——Well, the Innocent Pleader confuted that Folly, and goes on; and when he had spoken at large, Words of Truth that stung them to the quick——*How did they Examine it?*——What aid the Moderators? Excellent Arguments! *Ch.* 22. v. 22, 23. *Away with such a Fellow from the Earth, for it is not fit that he should live*——Raging in their Fury, they turn quite Mad, *cast off their Cloaths*, cry'd, and *threw Dust into the Air*——And when they could not get him into their Hands, *they swore to Murder him* Chap. 23. 14.

Now, Gentlemen, lest I may sometime or other, as *God shall let loose their Hands*, for like the Devil, they are Chain'd, fall into the Power of this Enrag'd Crew, give me leave to shew a little, how they have Treated the Author of this Paper, that it may stand upon Record against the Party, and I'll be very brief.

When Railing in Print, Bullying and Hedging, would not silence him, Letters were sent Threatning to Murder him——His House was mark'd to be pull'd down by the Rabbles, and he was assur'd, by Writing and by Messengers, that he had not long to live; the very Printer was Threatned to have his House Mob'd for Printing it.

Several Attempts were made to Prosecute the Paper at the *Old Bailey*, at *Guild-Hall*, and at *Westminster*, &c. But when no Jury could be found to present it, no Crime found in it to present it for, *That was let fall*; other Measures were taken to Embroil him with the Government, and to Involve him *à la Jean. Mag.* with great Men, but still all was in vain.

When this fail'd, Endeavours were us'd to rouse sleeping Lions, and Harass him with Dormant Creditors, Men, who satiated with the frequent Offers he had made, of complete Surrenders of his whole Effects to them upon Oath, had declin'd for 17 Years, a fruitless Cruelty upon a Man, who had given such Evidence of his Integrity; however, some Mischief of this kind they brought him into, and when he had Extricated himself from that——The same Perjur'd Villain that insulted Mr. *Daniel Burgess*, for a Sham-pretence well known——Assaulted him, took 15 Guineas of him, to get out of his Hands again, *which Extortion, he is now under Legal Persecution for*, and may speedily be brought to Justice upon that Score——Not content with this, the same Villain Insulted his House on the Sabbath Day, without any Legal Warrant, or the least just pretence, in order upon a Sham, to get him into Custody, and betray him, whether to Murderers, or Creditors, he yet knows not——Other Setts of Rogues were Employ'd after this, to take sham Writs out in Names not known, and to Men that were not Officers, pretending to Arrest him, without any real Debt in the least——Which pretended Officers, are now under Prosecution also, and one of them has confess'd the Fact——He has been often beset, often Way-laid, and often dog'd into dark Passages, yet when they

they have actually met him, and found him prepar'd for his Defence, and resolv'd not to die, *as a Fool dies*, their Hearts have fail'd them, for Villains are always Cowardly, and he still lives, and defies them—
And all this 'tis evident, is for Writing this Paper.

And now, Gentlemen, as if this was not enough, Mr. Examiner is falling upon me—And behold! his first Volley is Shot off; much Powder—much Noise, no Bullet, like the French Army on the Rhine, which having made a great Bluster and done nothing, was thus danc'd.

*Comme une Bête dans la ruelle,
Qui faisoit mille fracas;
Et qui devoit cent mille Vêles
Mais n'avoir pas les Bras.*

Much Powder I say, much Noise, much Language; much Call-names, no Argument—After *Ideor*, which is the first Mark of Distinction, comes *Illiterate*—Much Wit in that truly is—How should an *Ideor* but be *Illiterate*? This brings a Remark into my Thoughts, which I have often taken Occasion to make on Affairs in the World; we have abundance of Learned Fools in the World, and Ignorant Wise Men—How often have I seen a Man boast of his Letters, and his Load of Learning, and be Ignorant in the common necessary Acquirements, that fit a Man either for the Service of himself or his Country; I know a Man at this time a Minister, he is a Critick in the Greek and Hebrew, a Compleat Master of the Latin—Yet it would make a Man blush to read a Letter from him, sleep to hear him Preach, and sick to read his Books—He is a Master of Languages, and buried in Letters, but cannot spell his Mother Tongue, knows nothing of the World, and has never look'd abroad—Such Learning I confess, I despise, and covet to be *Illiterate* rather than thus a Scholar.

Again, I know another that is an Orator in the Latin, a walking Index of Books, has all the Libraries in Europe in his Head, from the Vatican at Rome, to the Learned

Collection of Dr. Salmon at Fleet Ditch; but at the same time, he is a Cynick in Behaviour, a Fury in Temper, Unpolite in Conversation, Abusive and Scurrilous in Language, and Ungovernable in Passion—Is this to be Learned? Then may I be *Illiterate*?

I have been in my Time, pretty well Master of five Languages, and have not lost them yet, tho' I writ a no Bill over my Door, or set Latin Quotations in the Front of the Review: But to my Irreparable Loss, I was bred but by halves, for my Father forgetting *Junius* Royal Academy, left the Language of *Billingsgate* quite out of my Education; hence I am perfectly *Illiterate*, in the Police Style of the Street, and am not fit to converse with the Porters and Carmen of Quality, who grace their Distinction with the Beauties of calling Names, and Curse their Neighbour with a *bonne Grace*.

I have had the Honour to Fight a *Rascal*, but never could Master the Eloquence of calling a Man so; nor am I yet arriv'd to the Dignity of being Laureated at her Majesty's Bear-Garden.

I have also, *Illiterate as I am*, made a little Progress in Science; I read *Euclid's Elements*, and yet never found the *Mathematical Description* of A SCURRILOUS GENTLEMAN: I have read Logick, but could never see a Syllogism form'd upon the Notion of it—I went some length in Physicks, or Natural Philosophy, and could never find between the two great Ends of Nature, *Generation and Corruption*, one Species, out of which such a Creature could be found—I thought myself Master of Geography; and could have set up for a Country Almanack Maker, as to my Skill in *Astronomy*; yet could in neither of the Globes, find either in what part of the World such a Heterogeneous Creature lives, or under the Influence of what Heavenly Body he can be produc'd: from whence I conclude very Frankly, that either there is no such Creature in the World, or, that according to Mr. Examiner, I am a Stupid *Ideor*, and a very *Illiterate Fellow*.

A D V E R -

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